



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

DECEMBER MEETING.

THE stated meeting was held on Thursday, the 12th instant, at three o'clock, P. M. In the absence of the President, and the first Vice-President, the second Vice-President, Mr. RHODES, occupied the chair.

The record of the last meeting was read and approved.

The Cabinet-Keeper reported the following gifts:

From Mr. Wendell, an impression of the seal of his great-grandfather John Wendell,¹ bearing date 1767, when a commission as Notary Public was obtained from the Archbishop of Canterbury [Thomas Secker]. The seal, which is of silver, has a maker's mark, now indecipherable, and was certainly made in America, and probably in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Mr. Wendell writes: "The device has a certain curious interest. Though nowise heraldic to the age, it is a free rendering of the chief of a coat of arms painted in a window of the old Dutch church at Albany, of which Evert Jansen Wendel, my emigrant ancestor, was 'Regerenden Dijaken' — Ruling Elder, I suppose this means — in 1656. Most likely he assumed this armorial dignity; but there are traces of its use by his descendants ever since. My great-grandfather was grandson of his grandson. The seal is in my possession at Portsmouth."

From Baldwin Coolidge, an unfinished painting of Charles Francis Adams.

From Dr. Shattuck, a photograph of a miniature of Mrs. Sarah Crocker (Cobb) Guild, wife of Curtis Guild, senior.

From Mr. Norcross, the General Pershing bronze medal struck in France to commemorate the landing of American troops in France.

And called attention to a bronze bust, on the table, of Dr. Green, made in October, 1882, by Truman H. Bartlett, and given by Dr. Green in December, 1883.

The Editor reported the following accessions:

¹ Son of John and Elizabeth (Quincy) Wendell of Boston.

A gift from Miss Elizabeth Cabot Putnam of the original subscription lists, prepared in August, 1851, for a monument in London in honor of Dr. Jenner, the discoverer of Vaccination. No subscription by any one person was to exceed one dollar. The Boston committee was composed of Drs. James Jackson and John Ware. The first paper showed that there were means of getting over the limit of subscription, for T. H. Perkins subscribes sixty-three dollars "for himself and wife, and for their descendants now living, as also the husbands and wives of those who are married," and Dr. J. C. Warren gave ten dollars.

By purchase, a journal of Tracy P. Cheever, of Chelsea, from September 22, 1851 to August 27, 1855; letters from B. F. Hallett, Rev. S. A. Grimes, G. S. Stockwell, and Charles F. Suttle, in connection with the rendition of Anthony Burns, 1854-1855; a series of letters from Horace Mann to William B. Fowle, 1841-1849; a ms. sermon dated Roxbury, January 8, 1756, "a Day of Prayer through the Province on account of the Earthquakes," supposed to be by the Rev. John Mellen of Lancaster; and a series of letters to and from Robert C. Winthrop, 1836-1855.

The VICE-PRESIDENT announced the death of Dr. Samuel A. Green, the oldest member of the Society both in age and in seniority, as a member, and for many years Librarian and Vice-President, and called upon

Dr. WARREN, who said:

Dr. Green, like many another Boston physician of the last century, seemed predestined to a medical career. His father, Joshua Green, had been a physician before him and had enjoyed the distinction of being the first house-officer at the Massachusetts General Hospital at its opening in 1821. He was appointed at that time as the student of Dr. John C. Warren. A notable event in the elder Green's career was an execution on Boston Neck for piracy. Such was the demand for dissecting material that the young doctor was despatched in haste by his teacher to secure the body, but was forestalled by a colleague, afterwards a conspicuous member of the profession, Dr. Walker of Charlestown.

The generation to which our late member belonged still retained many of the characteristics of these early times. The son in his turn served an apprenticeship, as his father had before him. Then the course of study was somewhat primitive in

character and the deficiencies of the curriculum were made up by attendance in the private office of a practitioner which served as a substitute for experience gained in hospital service. Although marked changes had taken place in the meantime in the supply of clinical opportunities for study, Dr. Green found himself still associated with other fellow students under the protecting care of a leading practitioner.

After leaving college he entered the Harvard Medical School and devoted three years to the study of medicine, the last of which was spent in the Massachusetts General Hospital where he served as house-pupil in the surgical wards. The term "house-pupil," was used to indicate that the office was held by a student who had not yet taken his degree, a survival doubtless of an old English custom which had been brought back to this country by those who had constituted the original staff of the hospital. It served also to mark the degree of subjection under which students of those days were held by their masters, whose limited therapeutic resources were jealously guarded. The masters of medicine were few in number and the pupils by whom they were surrounded formed a social circle which, in later days, has yielded to the more pressing demands of the laboratory and the clinic.

He duly served his year at the hospital in the surgical wards of Dr. J. Mason Warren, his companions on the staff being Dr. Joel Seaverns, John L. White, Edward Lane and Edward L. Holmes. Dr. White having resigned on account of ill health, Dr. Lincoln R. Stone was appointed in his place. Of his service with Dr. Green he writes, "I recall with great pleasure and distinctness the cordiality with which I was received and the kindness and courtesy with which he always treated me, as he did all those who came in contact with him. He was very much interested in his work, patient to and thoughtful of those under his charge, and always extremely cheerful in his intercourse with his patients and nurses, always ready with a pleasant smile and good word to them and especially fond of the children who were in his wards." While in the hospital he had a hemorrhage from the lungs, which hastened his departure, and for this purpose he was given a private examination for his degree at the houses of the various professors. He sailed for the Mediterranean on February 4, 1854, in a sailing packet,

his cough and lung symptoms disappearing the moment he struck the Gulf Stream. He spent a year and a half in Europe and was one of those who were the first of our medical students to take advantage of the shifting of the medical teaching center from Paris to Vienna.

Returning to Boston in 1855, he began practice on Harrison Avenue. It seems to have been a custom, lasting even in the times with which I am familiar, for an energetic and ambitious beginner to pick out a populous section of the town so as to avoid that long wait for practice which is so often experienced by the young professional man. The Back Bay at that period was still what its name indicates and there was no well-defined law of gravitation towards a certain center which prevailed in later years. When that period finally arrived, it found Dr. Green too strongly entrenched in old quarters to make the change. This was the region dominated by that sterling charity, the Boston Dispensary. No young doctor could have claimed to have made an auspicious beginning of his career without having served either as a district physician or at the central office in a medical or surgical capacity. From his office on Harrison Avenue the district to which he was assigned must have been of easy access.

His training as a surgeon at the Hospital enabled him to be of service both to John C. and J. Mason Warren as an assistant and expert etherizer in their operations in private practice. He also took charge of their dissecting room in the old Mastodon Museum Building, 92 Chestnut Street, and he relates with glee how the "subjects" were hoisted up the back stairs of the building by a rope placed around their necks. He had under him, as assistants in this work, Drs. Calvin Page and John Ellis Blake.

A favorite pupil of his teachers he was already occupying a prominent position in the profession for one of his years when the Civil War broke out. He was one of the first of the profession to enter the service for a three years' term and set an example of which his contemporary, Dr. Horatio R. Storer, says the whole profession of Massachusetts was proud. I can recall sitting at my father's table with him at probably a farewell dinner and being much impressed with his soldierly bearing and his enthusiasm, as he remarked, "This war has come

at just the right time for me.”¹ Of this period Dr. Storer writes, “his relations with the medical staff of the army, both volunteer and regular, are said to have been always genial and I suppose it was from his repute as a military surgeon that he received the decoration of merit from the Republic Venezuela.”²

On returning to civil life he resumed practice in the old neighborhood and became for many years intimately associated with the work of the Boston Dispensary, of which institution he eventually was the Superintendent. Here he displayed qualities which throughout life were so characteristic a feature of the man. Dispensary practice in my early days was of a very primitive character. Patients were hustled unceremoniously through the clinic. Little time was spent in diagnosis and one or two “solutions” prepared at the Dispensary did duty for all ailments. No time was wasted by the *chef de Clinique* in listening to long complaints. But tradition has it that the Superintendent was always on the lookout for deserving cases and could be often found interviewing many an anxious mother, as she emerged from this ordeal, or helping doubtless some feeble and needy patient. The good Samaritan was building better than he knew and no true history of that prominent feature of hospital activity of to-day known as “social service” would be complete without a mention of the work of this pioneer.

This sympathy for both young and old and his love of children were qualities which specially fitted him for the practice of medicine. That he did not pursue it in his later years was a distinct loss to those who might have been his patients. As years passed and he still pursued his old ways, he was left stranded by his contemporaries who, one after another, married and settled in the new residential quarter. But even after abandoning medicine for politics, his medical training often

¹ He was commissioned as assistant surgeon of the 1st regiment of M. V. M., May 25, 1861; surgeon of the 24th regiment, September 2, 1861; Lieut. Col. Brevet, March 13, 1865, for gallant and distinguished services in the field during the campaign of 1864.

² The only reference he ever made to me of his war experiences was of his last interview with Col. Robert G. Shaw before his regiment advanced to the attack on Fort Wagner. He felt much impressed with the fact that he was probably the last man to speak to him before his death.

stood him in good stead. During the political campaign which ended in his election to the office of Mayor, he was much annoyed by the intrusions of representatives of the press upon his privacy. The city was at that time suffering from an epidemic of smallpox, and Dr. Green, in virtue probably of his office as City Physician, found a comfortable sanctuary at meal-time in the Marcella Street Home where the victims of the disease were congregated in large numbers.

Like a philosopher of olden time much of his life was centered among the poor and the unfortunate. There was, however, a flavor of Bohemianism in his nature which lightened up the shadows of what might have been otherwise a somber existence. When old age and suffering finally came upon him he rose to the occasion and met the ordeal with the same cheerful spirit which he had inculcated at the bedside of the humble friends of his early days.

Mr. GRANT then read the following:

Let me say at the outset that in connection with Dr. Green this Society figures as an advance agent of "preparedness." Some six years ago, before that rather clumsy word was current, I received late in May a letter from your Editor, written at the instance of the then President, to the effect that the Doctor was so near his end that it seemed advisable to arrange for obituaries, and asking if I would attend the June meeting and speak of my recollections of him as Mayor. I was not then a member. As proceedings for probate are never initiated in the court over which I preside until the breath has actually left the body, this request seemed to me a little odd; but evidently historians can not afford to lose time in garnering the dust of the ages. Again I have been asked to say a few words and I preface them with this caution — or shall I say commendation? — as to the risks of discounting longevity, which I am sure our dear old friend would find diverting and not unseemly were he still with us.

I never met Dr. Green until he asked me to be his private secretary after his election as Mayor in 1882. Although we were together but a year, we became warmly attached to each other, and I was in the habit of dropping in on him frequently

thereafter at the Historical Society during the remaining years in which it occupied the rooms adjoining King's Chapel Burying Ground.

He was nominated as a so-called Citizens' Candidate, on a nonpartisan platform, and was at that time in the heyday of his popularity as a warm-hearted and very human citizen with a record for services as Surgeon of the 24th Massachusetts Regiment during the Civil War and services relative to small-pox while City Physician; but perhaps his most endearing asset from a political point of view was his reputation of being what we would now call a "good mixer." He was 52 and his opponent on the Democratic ticket was Albert Palmer, who taught me during my first year at the Latin School, whom I remember as highly nervous because of his tendency when irritated to pull his black beard apart and stuff the ends into his mouth. The doctor was elected by only 523 plurality. With him were chosen as aldermen Messrs. Woolley, Stebbins, Hill, Slade, Whitten, Caldwell, Hersey, Haldeman, Anthony, Hart, Pratt and White, a reputable body as a whole, and with them a Council of 89 Republicans and 33 Democrats which included William H. Whitmore, Prentiss Cummings, Henry Parkman, Malcolm S. Greenough and James G. Freeman. The new Mayor's choice of a private secretary was typical of his utter indifference to political considerations. He said to George F. Babbitt, with whom he was hand in glove and who engineered, I have been told, the Citizens' Convention that nominated him, "I want privacy and I want a young man who is a gentleman and a graduate of Harvard." Babbitt, who was my senior in college by a year suggested me, and there could have been no more complete neophyte; for I was young for my years, just engaged to be married and uncertain whether I wished to write fiction or follow the law, a state of mind I have adhered to more or less ever since.

It was eminently true, as Mr. Henry P. Kidder said in re-nominating Dr. Green at the Citizens' Convention a year later, that nobody could tell from anything he had done during his term of office what his politics were. Complete lack of sophistication in this respect made him a unique figure. His inaugural was very brief and his recommendations were chiefly concerned with Franklin funds for the Park and with the

Library. He was a delightful man to be with, and I, who had virtually ignored punctuation until this time, was amazed at the stress he laid on it in letter writing, but soon fell a slave to his precision in this respect. I remember George Babbitt's and my delight at discovering his reply to a donor, "This book fills a gap long needed," a sentence which seems admirable until it is studied and is now chronicled in S. A. Bent's *Short Sayings of Great Men*.

These were the days at City Hall of what might be termed stall-fed, porter-house-steak respectability among the City Fathers, which generated an atmosphere of civic disinterestedness not altogether borne out by the inside facts, as I later discovered. Dr. Green was absolutely free from guile and had the public interest solely at heart; but a Mayor who wished merely to attend to business and do good had comparatively little power under the charter, and the theory of a chief magistrate who should take the bit between his teeth and run the city had not been formulated. The spectacular incident of his term of office was his removal of Police Commissioners Henry Walker, Thomas J. Gargan and Edward I. Jones, and the substitution of Dr. Thomas Jenks and Messrs. Burley and Nathaniel Wales, an act which required courage as well as independence and one which he performed unflinchingly. He wore in those days habitually a buff-colored tall hat. He loved children and took the greatest interest in them. He was averse to moving in conventional circles though he belonged to them, preferring the neighborhood of Harrison Avenue and Kneeland Street because it brought him in contact with every-day human nature and the seamier side of life. Only once in later years could I induce him to dine at my house and this was more than most of his friends could claim. When not interested in what one said, he simply changed the subject and could always fall back on Groton. Kindness and good-will radiated from him; he liked human beings as such and if they were indigent or in trouble, he rather preferred them to the sleek and prosperous. He was a truer exponent of the brotherhood of man than some of our advertising idealists of the present day — because he never looked for any rake-off. He was an excellent judge in current affairs of what was going to happen, and I never remember seeing him when he was not cheery and urbane.

I can see him now in the old Historical Society rooms turning from his desk littered high with papers to greet me with his pleasant smile.

His campaign for re-election was in the year when General Butler, rampant, defeated Bishop for the governorship and the Doctor was pitted against his former adversary. With reference to the municipal contest the *Boston Post* declared: "Mr. Palmer's candidacy represents the greed, the clannishness and the unguided impulses of the democracy in contradistinction to its nobler purposes and its truest principles. No one desires Democratic ascendancy more than the *Boston Post*, but it desires it with honor. Mr. Palmer's candidacy represents simply the intoxication of success in the State election. If he floats into the Mayor's chair, it will be upon a wave that he can no more control when he gets there than King Canute could control the sea." By the same newspaper Dr. Green was described as "a clean, honest, capable and courageous Chief Magistrate." But the fates were hostile and Palmer was elected by 2,187 majority. The following comment by the *Boston Transcript* on the overturn was most aptly phrased: "He succeeds a Mayor whose official independence has been almost phenomenal and carried nearly to the verge of isolation. Dr. Green will go out of office with a nonchalance born of his respect for the decree of the people and a grateful feeling of relief that he can once more assume the role of a private citizen. He has been a Mayor above reproach by the general judgment of voters of all parties." Our friend was disappointed, but I think he was secretly glad. He had enjoyed the honor done him by his fellow-citizens, he had lived up to his principles by serving them without fear or favor and he was content to be free to return to more kindred pursuits.

Mr. TUTTLE followed:

The death of Dr. Green, on the morning of December 5, removed the last of the group of men who entered so largely into the upbuilding of the Society a half century and more ago. He left a record of membership of nearly fifty-nine years, which is only exceeded in length by two other members, Josiah Quincy, of nearly sixty-eight years, and James Savage of more than sixty-two years. As our senior member his term of more

than twenty-two years was the longest in our annals, since the death of William Baylies, the survivor of the ten founders of the Society, who was the senior member in point of age for more than twenty-four years. As Librarian, the Society indulged him in the completion of nearly fifty-one years, only ended by his death, the longest period held by any officer of the Society. He had the satisfaction of his pre-eminence in attaining these objects of his personal ambition.

Though a country boy, spending many of his early days with his relatives in Boston, he said that he was city bred; and he often referred to this as the beginning of his interest in his adopted city, which led to his making it his professional home. But Groton, where he was born on March 16, 1830, and where he received his common-school education, was the object of his warm attachment, and was constantly during his life in historical evidence. Not even the most trivial facts relating to it escaped his eager search. Lawrence Academy, too, where he fitted for Harvard College, and of whose Board of Trustees at his death he was president, was always the cherished object of his attention. Next in order came the Historical Society, which, after his graduation from college in 1851, and his entrance into the medical profession a few years later, was long the comforting recipient of his thought and service.

When the Society was aroused into new activity and development towards more modern lines of historical research and publication upon the election of Robert C. Winthrop as president in 1855, when also Charles Deane became Chairman of the Standing Committee, Dr. Green's interest was then apparent through his frequent and large gifts of books and pamphlets. He was elected a Resident Member in January, 1860, and in the following April, was chosen as Cabinet-Keeper. His service at the front as surgeon during the Civil War interrupted his duties in this office, which he held until his election as Librarian in April, 1868.

At that time the Society was still in limited financial circumstances, and in congested quarters, having only two rooms on the second floor at 30 Tremont Street and an attic room for an overflow. Dr. Green seemed to be the member best fitted to be Librarian, when Thomas C. Amory declined further service. Before the Savage Fund, which was the first book-fund

of the Society, was received in June, 1873, the Librarian had no regular income for the increase of the Library; and not until more than a quarter of a century later, when the Waterston and the Sibley Funds became available, did the Society have even a comfortable income for the purpose.

When Dr. Green assumed his new position the Library had about 8,000 books and 13,000 pamphlets, and from then until his health failed in March, 1912, when the numbers were more than 50,000 volumes, and 115,000 pamphlets, not counting the natural inflow of manuscripts, the Doctor had exerted himself as a collector of material, with the idea that it was to be closely guarded and always kept within reach. In defence of his plan of promiscuous collecting he often quoted from Milton's sentence in his *Areopagitica*: "A wise man will make better use of an idle pamphlet, than a fool will do of sacred Scripture." His large supply of pamphlets and books was constantly depleted by sending parcels from time to time to various libraries in the country; and their lists of accessions would show his generous gifts. It is said that a few years ago his name stood on the books of Harvard College Library as one of its most liberal givers of books and pamphlets. In this way he became a sort of clearing-house for such material, while at the same time the Society was benefited.

Until the close of his term as Mayor of the city in 1882, he paid daily visits to the rooms of the Society, to carry on this work, but after that time he was regularly at his desk, which is still preserved in our present workroom. On this interesting relic were written his publications on his favorite subject, "Groton"; and his numberless brief papers on a wide variety of subjects which were printed in our *Proceedings*. His almost unbroken attendance at the meetings of the Society, of which he often spoke with pride, gave him the opportunity for such frequent communications.

Dr. Green's personality continued a strong influence through the administrations of three presidents, that of Mr. Winthrop, of Dr. Ellis, and of Mr. Adams; and his methods, so firmly fixed under the first, where a wide latitude was opened to his executive capacity, suffered but little change in the advancing years. The Society as occasion required engaged assistance for the gradual increase in the work of the Library and of the

publishing committees, on one of which, to publish the *Proceedings*, he was a member from 1864 to 1882. Under his direction an account of the Library from its beginning was published in 1893. His warm friendship with Mr. Sibley began when he was a student at Cambridge, and out of it grew an intimacy which increased as the years went on. Often on Sunday afternoons he would be seen wending his way to Mr. Sibley's home there to spend hours conversing on matters of common interest. They both in that day thought themselves librarians *par excellence*, and no doubt they tried to live up to the best standards of their time. Mr. Sibley's confidence in the judgment of Dr. Andrew P. Peabody and Dr. Green, led to their being made executors of his will in February, 1883. It was here that the loyal interest both of Mr. Sibley and our Librarian resulted in Mr. Sibley's possessions, with Mrs. Sibley's added later, being transferred in due time into the Society's treasury. On the 8th of January, 1914, when Dr. Green resigned the office of Vice-President, which he had held since 1895, the Society expressed "its profound sense of the great obligation it is under" to him for his interest in this munificent bequest, the largest ever received by the Society. The Society then voted its "weightier debt of obligation to him than to any of its numerous benefactors"; for it was by this legacy enabled to have this building and to lay the foundation for its greater future work.

Professor EMERTON read a paper on

THE PERIODIZATION OF HISTORY.

Every attempt at a division of history into periods seems to violate one of the first principles of a sound historical method. For two generations now we who have been dealing with historical matters have been dinning into each other's ears the doctrine of the "continuity of history." History, we have been telling ourselves, flows in one uninterrupted stream from the first record of human activities to the present moment. There can be no break in this progress because each generation succeeds the previous one by an imperceptible transition. Even the use of the phrase "this generation" is misleading; for a new generation begins at every moment, and the in-

dividuals whom we speak of as forming one generation are in reality only an accidental grouping of separate human atoms. Each one begins a generation for himself. However close his incorporation with other atoms may seem to be he cannot divest himself of a something peculiar to himself, his very own, which is his personal contribution to the resistless advance of human effort.

So far as the English-speaking world is concerned this emphasis upon the idea of historical continuity dates from the persuasive activity of Edward A. Freeman. It was no new discovery of his; but, as he presented it with voice and pen, it met with a response that made it appear like a revelation. Its value began to be felt as a corrective of what may be called the "episodic" presentation of history. Before Freeman's time we had been drifting into what, again for the sake of illustration, we may call the Carlyle view of historical narration, the "catastrophic," if one please, as if history were a series of episodes culminating in dramatic catastrophes. Such a method furnished obviously a wonderful framework for the display of dominant personalities, the working out of the "great man" theory of history. It appealed powerfully to that very human admiration of greatness, that joy in the dramatic, that enthusiasm for the noble and the generous in man which to the majority of readers make up the chief attraction of historical study.

The weakness of this method was its apparent indifference to whatever was lacking in these attractive qualities. What was happening between the episodes? What were the far off impulses that produced the startling catastrophes? What was going on among the nameless multitudes over whom towered the dominant personalities? These were the problems upon which the doctrine of historical continuity began to throw a welcome illumination. Above all it turned men's minds to the study of those institutions in which the principle of continuity chiefly expressed itself. Generations came and went; dramatic crises shook the framework of society; heroes flashed across the stage and disappeared, but the institutions, legal, religious, social, economic, these went on, shifting their formulations, adjusting themselves to new conditions, but persisting still and moving forward toward ever larger ideals.

In view of this principle of uninterrupted movement all periodization of history must seem like an academic impertinence. Who shall dare say at what points we may draw cross lines athwart the regular progression of the years? How can we ever fix a line of demarcation and say: "Here one phase of human development came to an end, and here another phase began?" To these questions there is one general answer and many special variations upon it. The general answer is that without periodization there can be no intelligent dealing with the enormous mass of the historical record. Cross sections of some kind there must be, if we are not to be trapped in a hopeless entanglement of times and places. To give up all attempts at periodization would be to make a fetish of continuity and sacrifice to it the best things a study of history can give us. The only real question is as to the principles which an intelligent periodization ought to follow.

In meeting this question we must bear in mind the primary purpose we have in view; that is, the clarifying and simplifying of history for the great multitude of readers and students. That object can never be reached by a mere cutting up of the human story into convenient lengths. Human institutions are not like those very low forms of animal life which can be chopped into bits without any apparent inconvenience or any notable interruption of their vital processes. To be understood they must be seen in their relations to the conditions which have created and maintained them. If we are to violate the rule of continuity at all we must do it so as to sacrifice as little as possible of its value. If every division of history must be arbitrary we are bound to be arbitrary on principle, to give reason to ourselves and to others for our particular kind of arbitrariness. We ought not to speak of certain cross sections of the historic stream in technical terms unless these terms are so clearly descriptive of their several periods as to differentiate them plainly from all others.

For example, the phrase "Dark Ages" has somehow fixed itself with a fatal firmness in the usage of English writers. When it began, what its original implications were or what its limits in time or place, I have not been able to discover. So far as I know it has no equivalent in any of the languages of modern Europe. Precisely what it means I have never under-

stood. Wherein consists the "darkness" it tries to express? Is it in the condition of mind of the peoples who were then doing the world's work? Or is it in the comparative meagreness of the historical record for those times? Or may it be — *absit omen!* — in the general ignorance of otherwise well-informed persons as to what was really taking place in one of the world's greatest transition periods, a period of transformation from one clearly marked set of social institutions to another? "Darkness" there may well be, somewhere; but darkness is a very poor kind of medium through which to penetrate into the secret of a great human development. Our business as historians is to dissipate darkness by utilizing every ray of light we can bring to bear upon the problem before us. To dismiss an important section of our subject by labelling it "dark" is to evade our problem, not to solve it.

Almost the same may be said of the use of the word "mediæval" as a term of classification. Dean Maitland, in his volume of historical studies grouped under the title of *The Dark Ages*, published in 1844, uses this title as synonymous with "Middle Ages" and defines it in his sub-title as including the ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth centuries! Chronologically the word "mediæval" is applied with reckless indifference to any term of years between the fourth century and the seventeenth. Topically it is often made to include anything that is not obviously Roman or patently modern. As a word of appreciation or of opprobrium it is applied to whatever we like or dislike. I have heard a Gothic enthusiast say: "The mediæval man was constantly surrounded by objects of beauty." We are all familiar with the handy locution which consigns all ideas that are not "progressive" to the limbo of the "mediæval." And yet "mediæval" is a thoroughly useful and appropriate term if only we will use it in the right way and the right place.

Is there, then, a rational standard, a criterion by which the rightness of historic period making can be judged? If we mean an absolute standard, no; if we can be content with a practical working test, yes. That standard may be stated something like this: The definition of an historic period, to be of use, must be such as to give the period a distinct and recognizable *character*, so that it may be compared with other periods and

in this way its significance in the great procession of the ages be made clear. If such distinct characterization be impossible, then the attempt to deal usefully with the proposed "period" will result only in greater confusion. If we can establish the suggested definition as truly characteristic, then we shall have made a real contribution to historical science.

So, with all due precaution, let us ask ourselves upon what forms and upon what extent of periodization we may safely venture. If we confine our observation to that branch of the stream of history which chiefly interests us as heirs of the European tradition, we find ready to our hand the conventional division into "ancient," "mediæval," and "modern," and our first inquiry must be whether this division is permissible and whether it is sufficient for all practical working purposes. Does it conform to our standard of distinct characterization? To a certain degree it does so conform. What we ordinarily call "ancient history" has a certain character of its own. It presents to our view a majestic succession of great empires, Assyrian, Babylonian, Persian, Greek and Roman; and these, with all their obvious differences, have certain common features. The theory of sovereignty is in each case the same. Each believes itself called upon in its own time to dominate as much of the earth's surface as it can reach with its arms or, in the case of Greece, with the even more penetrating weapon of its civilization. There is room in the world for only one sovereignty at a time, and the price it has to pay for its domination is the destruction of the world sovereignty that has preceded it.

Under this conception of a world there can be but one geographical centre of power, and from this must radiate, as widely as may be, all actual administration of public affairs. Every lesser administrative unit becomes a province of the world state and exists only by its pleasure. The arms of the province serve only imperial purposes. Its taxes enrich only the imperial treasury. Its prosperity is cultivated only that it may be the better servant of a master who is wise enough to use it for his own advantage. Its ruin is the punishment of a master foolish enough to waste it in the mad pursuit of temporary splendor at the cost of ultimate collapse. Such is, crudely drawn, the picture of ancient life as it unfolds itself

to us in the record of monuments, inscriptions, coins, chronicles, poetry, drama and the plastic arts. Infinite diversities of detail, but essentially the same story from the earliest aggressive activity of the upper Tigris valley down through the vast expansion of the lower Euphrates, westward to the Ionian and the Syrian coasts, around the eastern basin of the Mediterranean, up the mysterious Nile, and then, finally, in the all-embracing sway of the Roman *Imperium*, turning the great middle sea into a Roman lake and reaching out northward and westward as far as the Roman legion and the Roman trader could penetrate.

Thus far — and no farther! Never again has this principle of world domination been effectively applied among men. In its place came that other principle of human organization to which we give, broadly speaking, the name of Feudalism. Its essence consists in the minute parcelling out of “sovereign” rights among an infinite number of more or less independent units of power. The elementary rights of man, the guarantees of protection for life and property, abandoned by the enfeebled remnants of the old Roman administration, were taken up by an immense number of smaller groups. New combinations of races, of legal traditions, of economic effort, came slowly into being throughout the countries of western Europe and produced the system of public life which marks the so-called Middle Ages. Everywhere division of land and with this division also of rights over land and over the persons who drew their living from it. In legal, military and political matters, an apparently hopeless disintegration. Only in religion and in the learning that went with it do we find still surviving the principle of universality, abandoned once for all in the other relations of life.

Thus we come to a definition of the term “mediæval.” It applies to a fairly well-marked period of European history in which the disintegration of external power is carried to its utmost possible limit and in which also this actual crumbling of political and economic strength is accompanied, checked and balanced by certain vast universal ideal institutions. On the one side is the typical figure of the feudal baron, larger or smaller as the case might be, combining in his single person the qualities of landlord and lord of the land, military chief-

tain, judge, tax-collector, farmer and "captain of industry," all at once, nominally subject to some remote royal overlord but troubling himself very little on that score. On the other side we have those twin abstractions, the mediæval Empire and the mediæval Papacy, the divinely ordained types on earth of that supreme order which made and sustains the universe of things. Between the two are struggling for existence the rather pathetic group of national kingships. Their problem was to counteract on the one side the centrifugal forces of feudalism and on the other the centripetal tendencies of both Empire and Papacy.

For a while this extraordinary system of checks and balances maintained itself in a fairly complete equilibrium. Each of its elements found its profit in a formal or tacit recognition of all the rest. A religious impulse welded the fugitive forces of feudalism, irrespective of nationality, into the amazing exploit of the Crusades. A religious motive focussed the meagre learning of the day upon the imposing structure of the scholastic philosophy. A religious necessity summoned all the artistic feeling of western Christianity to its supreme expression in the Gothic cathedral.

The word "mediæval," therefore, like the word "ancient," conforms reasonably well to our canon of a useful classifying term for an historic period. It represents something truly characteristic, marking off the period it describes quite clearly both from that which precedes it and from that which follows it. The "mediæval man" is not likely to be mistaken for the typical citizen of either the ancient or the modern world. Furiously jealous of his legal, political and economic rights, he is childishly submissive to idealistic impressions. A hard-headed and heavy-handed fighter for land and its accompanying privileges he is an easy victim to any form of superstition that is backed by a plausible claim to authority. What he dreads above all things is such a powerful concentration of public resources in any one hand above him as will endanger his own control of the social elements below him. To put it in other words: the natural antagonist of the mediæval, feudal system is the national state.

So we are brought to the third of our proposed terms of historic classification, the word "modern." Has this also a

definite sense in which it can be useful to the discriminating student? Following the indications just given we find at once the answer. The modern state may, for our purposes, be defined as a social organism based usually but not necessarily or exclusively upon some idea of nationality and claiming for itself control of all its resources in men and money. It recognizes but two elements in its composition: the governing and the governed. The relation of these two elements to each other is a direct one. Between the government and the body of the citizens there is no intermediate power. The government deals directly with the subject through its own agencies, and the subject may appeal to the government directly through his chosen representatives for protection against any third element that may imperil his rights.

That, briefly stated — too briefly of course to cover the many apparent exceptions — is the working theory of the modern as distinguished sharply from the mediæval and less clearly from the ancient state. With this definition of the individual state goes another even more characteristic quality of the European state system as a whole. The integrity of every member, large or small, governed as a monarchy, an aristocracy or a democracy, implies also the integrity of every other member. Each state in the modern European “family of nations” has, at least in theory, the same right to exist as every other, no more and no less. The possession of this right for itself implies a respect for the same right in all the rest. A violation of this right by any member can be committed only under the penalty that its own right may be called in question. The assumption by any member that its own necessities demand or justify such violation is met by combination among the rest, since, once admitted, this assumption must inevitably lead to further and further aggression until the very system itself may be destroyed and a return be made to the “one empire” theory of the ancient world.

This second element of the modern state system has been described as the “European Balance of Power.” It has worked as a kind of crude, unwritten constitution to guarantee to the national states their right to existence — has worked up till now, and, unless the present gigantic struggle against a shameless attempt to violate it shall fail, it may go on to give still

further proofs of its value as a working policy. Acting upon these bases: the right to control its own resources, the right to live and the obligation to let live, the modern state has defended itself against the vested privileges of the feudal period and the aggressive ambitions of its fellow-members in the European "family." It has repudiated decisively the mediæval universalisms alike of Empire and of Church, and this not recently, but, in principle, from the very beginning of its struggle for existence. It has refused to submit its fortunes to any other tribunal than that sense of common obligation which so far, at great critical moments, has shown itself quick to respond and competent to defend the individual need. Whether out of the present welter of conflicting forces and competing ideals there shall arise some such tribunal, accepted by common agreement and having mechanisms of its own to enforce its sanctions — all that remains to be seen; with prophecy we are not here concerned.

Here, then, is a rational and permissible division of history into three sections, each having a distinctive character: the period of successive world empires, the period of disintegration of power restrained by certain universalistic idealisms, and the period of the balance of power among a group of national states with equal rights. So far, so good; but is this division sufficiently minute? The moment one begins to inquire as to the limits of the several periods one becomes aware of marked and confusing overlappings, and, if one tries to find what principles of division have been sanctioned by usage, this confusion becomes worse confounded. In an American university there exists a venerable endowed professorship of "Ancient and Modern History," a title evidently meant to include all the history there ever was. Obviously to the framer of this title the two words overlapped the middle period so completely as entirely to eliminate it. Perhaps the most ordinary use of the word "mediæval" is that which applies it to the whole period from the fifth to the sixteenth century, a usage so broad as to deprive it of all really distinctive meaning. Used thus it overlaps both ways, and to such an extent that its value almost disappears.

To save the meaning of "mediæval" and at the same time to give greater clearness and validity to both "ancient" and

"modern," it is worth while to carry on our process of division a stage further and to create for our use two additional periods, one preceding, the other following that of the Middle Ages proper. If we think of this purely mediæval section as beginning with Karl the Great about the year 800 and ending with Dante about 1300 these two new periods will then define themselves chronologically as covering respectively the years from about 400 to 800 and from about 1300 to 1600. Before the year 400 the ideals of antiquity still dominate the world. After 1600 those of the modern stage have clearly outlined themselves.

At first thought these two added periods seem to be lacking in our first essential requirement, a distinctive character; but this difficulty grows less upon reflection. Superficially they seem to be characterized only by a greater degree of confusion than the others but, as we try to penetrate this apparent confusion, we see that it is better described as "transition." What at first confuses us is the continuous interplay of contradictory forces. In the former of these two periods we are always confronted by the phenomena which suggested to Gibbon the title of his majestic narrative, the evidences of the "decline" of the ancient Roman state; but these phenomena are continuously accompanied by others whose meaning we can grasp only after we have become familiar with the history of the middle period proper. It is the lack of this familiarity which makes Gibbon's title inadequate to a clear comprehension of the vast period he tries to cover. His Roman Empire is always "declining," but it never "falls," because he never reaches a point where its institutions definitely and completely give way to others based upon essentially different conceptions of social order. Gibbon is an illustrious victim of "the continuity of history." His narrative rolls along its ponderous course without leaving on the reader's mind an adequate impression of the new constructive forces that were building, partly out of the fragments of his Empire, but also and in far greater part out of quite new contributions, the splendid edifice of mediæval civilization. Transition is not confusion. Puzzling it may well be; but puzzles are only so many challenges to the true historic spirit, and it is precisely such a period of transition that attracts the interest and fires

the zeal of the historian who realizes as his supreme function, not to have a pat explanation of everything ready to his hand, but "through research, to understand."

And what has been said of the First European Transition is equally true of the second. There again we pass out of the clearly definable and normally working institutions of the feudal Middle Ages into an interval of apparently hopeless disorder before we can recognize in their characteristic outlines those of the modern European "family." Here also "disorder" explains itself as transition the moment we bring it into relation with what precedes and what follows it. Small wonder that this period was until lately neglected by the general student of history or that it has been claimed alternately by the historians of the Middle Ages and by those of modern Europe. It becomes interesting and illuminating when it is treated by itself as the Second European Transition. So conceived its obvious perplexities are cleared up in the light of what happened before and what happened afterward, and in return it reflects its own illumination both backward and forward to make still clearer the institutions alike of the mediæval and the modern world.

These two added periods, then, have a character of their own, the character of transition. They may be so treated as to avoid the threefold danger of all study of transitions: first, the danger that we shall be unduly impressed by what is passing away, so that the real constructive forces are overlooked; second, the danger of unduly emphasizing what is to come, so that the contributive elements from the past are forgotten; and third, the danger of impatience and disgust with the apparent confusion and so of dismissing the whole period as merely a depressing interlude of disorder. In giving to these transitional periods the dignity of historic epochs we shall surely be reminded that all history is transition and that therefore our definition of them as "transitional" has no specific or useful meaning. Our reply must be that this is the word which best describes periods in which institutions are, to a degree very much above the normal, undergoing a specific and observable process of transformation. In that sense, therefore, our requirement of characteristic definition is met by its use in the way we suggest.

The five periods we have attempted to define give to the student of history an outline, valuable as far as it goes, but after all only an outline. Within these limits the instinct for the episodic has abundant scope. We have become familiar with a variety of "Ages" — the "Age of Pericles," the "Augustan Age," the "Age of Hildebrand," and so on without end. Such periodizing has its obvious justification and is useful, provided only that it can be brought into fruitful relation with the greater movement of history. The tendency of all concentration upon a narrow period is to magnify unduly what must seem to the specialist author dominant characteristics but may prove to be less profoundly so when compared with those of other epochs. The Fall of Rome, the French Revolution, the Great European War — what a tempting field for comparison, and what a challenge to the historian to show the really dominant forces that in each case determined the catastrophe!

In these episodic periods the clue for characterization is given by the very definition of the period itself. It is the preponderating influence of an individual, as in the "Age of Napoleon," or it is some all-pervading spirit of the time as in the "Age of St. Bernard," or it may be some intense popular enthusiasm sweeping vast masses along in some tremendous common enterprise, as in the "Era of the Crusades." In any case the character of the period defines itself at the outset of one's studies, and all detail is only the expanding and elaborating of this definition. The student sees his problem from the start and goes in search of his material with a fairly clear idea as to the use he can make of it.

No such immediate and obvious characterization, however, is possible for another form of periodizing, the most common and the most familiar to the average reader, the division into centuries. So familiar is it, in fact, that we must give to it here a rather larger space than its intrinsic importance would seem to justify. Why concern ourselves at all with a scheme of chronology so obviously artificial and mechanical? A century is a hundred years, no matter where it begins or ends; and what possible significance can there be in this or in any other merely numerical unit of time? And yet the fact cannot be denied that in the language of historical reference the num-

bers of the centuries have come to be something more than mere counters in a game. Many of them have acquired a quite clear and definite connotation. The fifth century B.C. brings before our minds the culminating point of Greek civilization. The fifth century A.D. visualizes for us the colossal displacement of the European peoples. The thirteenth century embodies the realization of the mediæval ideals in forms of beauty and in institutions that promised to endure forever. The sixteenth is the Century of Reformation; the eighteenth is the Century of Enlightenment. The nineteenth and twentieth have already received so many definitions that the historian of the future will have abundant entertainment in making his selection. We may fairly compare this use of numerical cross-sections of the course of history to our use of numbered streets in a great city. "Fifth Avenue" does not mean merely, or even primarily, to us a street lying between the fourth and the sixth longitudinal roadways of the metropolis. It has its own incomparable identity. Forty-second street has only an accidental relation to the forty-first and forty-third cross-ways of city traffic. It means the great assembling and discharging centre of the city's industry.

And so it is with the centuries, these fortuitous combinations of the historic years. They have come to represent to us certain real historic entities. They are the current coin of our discourse about historical matters, and it is a part of our training as students to learn their values as *media* in the exchange of our ideas. This, if one please, is purely a matter of accident, having no significance in the nature of the case. If this were all, it would be harder to justify the employment of the centuries as our counters by any scientific consideration whatever. But it is not quite all. A century covers three generations of men, and of these three one may be thought of as gradually retiring from the stage, another as just entering upon it, while a third is for the time occupying its very centre. This central generation, we say, is doing the work of the world. The elder generation is struggling, with pathetic courage, to hold on to what it has achieved. The younger is pressing forward, with nothing to lose and everything to gain, to find its place in the economy of things. The character of the century, it may fairly be said, is determined by the

work of the central generation, and this is largely but not wholly true. That generation has been taught by the one now withdrawing from active service, and its ideals are penetrated throughout by those of its immediate predecessor. It is sure to criticize them; it will surely at many points rebel against them, but it cannot escape them. Essentially it is moulded by them. Even when it refuses consciously to adopt them it becomes their interpreter to the generation that is to follow. Together with its function in the fulfilment of the recent past it is at the same time the educator of the immediate future. It hands on the ideals of its fathers transmuted by its own experience to the new experimenting of its sons.

These three generations, then, without any too great stretch of fancy may be regarded as forming a certain historic unit. Of course the chain of continuity goes on forever; but, after any three generations, there are pretty certain to occur, even under normal conditions, such radical readjustments in the social ideals that those of the great-grandfathers are hardly recognizable in those of the great-grandchildren. The world moves faster in some of its times and spaces than in others. Fifty years of Europe used to seem infinitely more pregnant of consequences than a cycle of Cathay; but of late we have had cause to wonder whether Cathay's long slumber were not a period of gestation whose new births might outstrip the more rapid issue of Europe's briefer travail. And, even in China, if we are concerned, for example, with artistic development, we shall find the great centuries in which certain forms of human achievement are illustrated by the work of three supremely endowed generations.

Our use of the century as a principle of historical classification is thus shown to be not a wholly fanciful one. It has its foundation in the great social fact of the normal living together of human beings in an organized society. It will be violated whenever this normal social condition is broken up. When, for example, new countries are opened up for occupation; when old countries become too crowded for endurance; when great territories are devastated by conquest and in consequence material shiftings of population take place. Then the tie, even between fathers and sons, becomes loosened and grandfathers cease to have any meaning whatever for the

grandsons. But these are the abnormalities of history. We are concerned mainly with the normal movement of a settled society.

It is probably too much to expect that any system of historical periodization shall be universally accepted, nor is this, in any rigid sense, desirable. Different needs will demand different methods and a certain elasticity will never be out of place. To hold a just balance between the important principle of historic continuity and the necessities of an intelligible presentation — that is the goal toward which we ought to strive. A rational uniformity of historical terminology might at all events do something to mitigate the acerbity of criticism among scholars who, when all is said, have at heart no other object than the discovery and interpretation of historic truth.

Mr. SWIFT read a paper on

A COURSE IN HISTORY AT HARVARD COLLEGE IN THE SEVENTIES.

Just before the meeting of this Society in March, 1915, I told Mr. Adams, our then President, that I had long wished to give some account of Henry Adams' course in American history held during my senior year in Harvard College in 1876-1877. He seemed pleased at the suggestion and hoped that I would show him what I wrote before reading it. Shortly before the meeting closed he passed from this room for the last time. Since his death I have not felt impelled to go on with this plan, because I was sure that I should miss his advice, which for more than thirty years had always been generously and kindly given. But the recent appearance of *The Education of Henry Adams*, which is as remarkable for what it does not say as for what it does say, has inspired me once more to attempt a task which is not without its difficulties and which I am sure someone can perform far better than I.

After the lapse of forty-two years, it is not easy to reconstruct the dimming pictures of the past, however vivid those pictures may once have been. I shall attempt no analysis of Professor Adams' theory of education or go deeply into his methods of teaching. I simply wish to rescue from obli-

vion before it is too late the memory of something eventful that happened to some enthusiastic students, and so affected their future lives that I cannot suppose that one of them now would be in disagreement with what I shall say.

To give this story, for that is all it pretends to be, I must do so in my own way, and occasionally I shall have to speak of myself rather more than I might wish.

The *Education* tells after its own fashion how it fell out that President Eliot asked Mr. Henry Adams, at that time without a profession, a vocation, an avocation, or even a bare livelihood, to take an assistant-professorship of history in Harvard College, and how finally and with unfeigned reluctance Mr. Adams accepted the offer. Although he is frank enough, in all conscience, about what he says of this experience at Harvard, there is a little more that he might have said had he so chosen. He did not, for instance, so much as mention the course that I took or "elected," as the phrase was, and which he gave only one year — the last year that he was at Harvard. This seems strange to me, for out of it grew, beyond a doubt, not only his largest work *The History of the Administrations of Jefferson and Madison*, but also his admirable studies of John Randolph and Albert Gallatin, and his *Documents relating to New England Federalism*. After saying a word about what courses he gave I shall confine myself to the course known as History 6 — the one I took and the only one of which I have any right to speak.

In the academic year 1870-1871, Assistant Professor of History Adams began his career as a teacher. He had not had the least experience in academic methods, and what he did know about them he did not approve. The school where he seems to have made the most progress was that of Experience, where he was to the last a modest, though unabashed student.

In 1871-1872 he repeated the course of the preceding year, but I am unable to say just what it was. In 1872-1873 he gave a course on the History of Germany, France and the Church from the eighth to the fifteenth century, to thirty-three juniors, whose assigned text-books were Hallam's *Middle Ages*, Kohlrausch's or Menzel's *History of Germany*, the *Students' History of France*, and Milman's *History of Latin Chris-*

tianity. There were also lectures. In the same year he gave a course in Mediæval Institutions to seven juniors, whose assigned text-books were the *Germania* of Tacitus, Maine's *Ancient Law* and *Village Communities*, and Hallam. There were also lectures on Feudalism and the Salic Law. To fifteen seniors in that year he gave a course on the History of England to the Seventeenth Century. The course on Mediæval Institutions, known as History 3, he repeated in 1873-1874 to five seniors and seven juniors (all candidates for advanced honors); in 1874-1875 this course was given to five seniors and six juniors; in 1875-1876 to eleven seniors and seven juniors; in 1876-1877 it was given by Mr. Adams for the last time.

The course on the History of England to the Seventeenth Century, now History 4, was given to nineteen seniors in 1873-1874; in 1874-1875 to seventeen seniors; in 1875-1876 to thirteen seniors, one junior and two sophomores; and in 1876-1877, it was given for the last time by Mr. Adams. Courses 3 and 4 were given three times a week during each academic year.

In 1873-1874 there was added to Mr. Adams' schedule a course (three hours a week) on the General History of Europe from the tenth to the sixteenth century, to three seniors and sixty-five juniors. This was known as History 2 and probably took the place of the earlier course on the History of Germany, France and the Church.

In 1874-1875 a course (History 5) was added on the Colonial History of America to the year 1789. This was given three hours a week to sixteen seniors and six juniors; in 1875-1876 to five seniors, seven juniors and three sophomores. But in 1876-1877 this course was given by Mr. H. C. Lodge, whose name does not appear in the list of the Faculty. In 1877-1878, Mr. Lodge, now Dr. Lodge, who took his Ph.D. degree in 1876, received an appointment as Instructor in History, and conducted Professor Adams' History 5 on Colonial History, and also his History 6, now changed to History 7. After Professor Adams severed his connection with the college Dr. Emerton and Dr. Ernest Young covered his earlier courses.

The entire Historical Faculty of Harvard College comprised, in 1872-1873, three members, Professors Gurney, Torrey and Adams; in 1877-1878 it comprised five members; the pre-

ceding year there were six members, including Mr. Adams. It now contains, according to the latest printed catalogue, sixteen professors, besides assistants, and twenty professors giving courses allied to the history department, and is one of the hardiest growths of Harvard University.

After these meticulous, but not wholly valueless details I wish to go back to the course (History 6) on the History of the United States from 1789 to 1840, given in 1876-1877 by Mr. Adams for the first and last time. If my memory serves me this also was given three times a week.

From these facts it will appear that during the larger part of his professorship he was teaching nine hours a week throughout the year, and according to his own statement received for this service four dollars a day, but it is uncertain whether this sum applies to the academic or the solar year. I do not know nor did I have the curiosity to find out.

It is of this course, called History 6, of which I wished to speak. It appears from the facts I have given that the Adams' courses were gaining in favor among the students, although they were hard and exacting. There was no doubt what the reputation of Henry Adams had become when the academic year of 1876-1877 opened, with a very full attendance in this course.

The course was held in Harvard Hall, up one flight I think. The room was crowded, Mr. Adams sitting on a rather low platform with a small table at his right. The lectures, though they were not lectures, nor were they recitations, were held I am rather sure at 1.30 P. M., an hour when ruddy youth is well disposed to somnolence, but there was no closing of the eyes in slumber when Henry Adams was in command. All was wholly unacademic; no formality, no rigidity, no professorial pose, but you may be sure that there was never a suspicion of student roguishness or bad manners. We faced a friendly-disposed gentleman some twenty years older than ourselves, whose every feature, every line of his body, his clothes, his bearing, his speech were well bred to a degree. One does not make a clown of himself before such a personality. He would make us laugh until we ached, but it was the laughter of a club and not a pothouse. In none of his courses did Mr. Adams do much lecturing, but in Mediæval

Institutions I learn that the last meeting of the course it was his custom to devote to a regular lecture of the old-fashioned academic sort. In our course, he would select various topics, incidental to the periods covered, and assign one side to one student and the opposing to another. Thus we had under discussion all the important phases of American history for about fifty years — the formation of the Constitution, Jay's Treaty, Genet's Mission, the Alien and Sedition Laws, the trial of Aaron Burr, the Hartford Convention, etc., etc., down through the Administration of Van Buren. I forget who my opponent was, but I was given the American Commissioners' side to defend in the X. Y. Z. Mission. Never did I enjoy myself so much before or since as in that eventful hour. I tore Talleyrand and his fellow rascals to shreds, made light of the aspirations of the French democracy, and demonstrated the entire worthlessness of their base imitators in America. As I recall my efforts it seems to me that Mr. Henry Adams was more amused at my unrestrained Federalism than he was impressed by my interpretation of history. But I had to have the facts, else had I been picked up sharply by the Professor and by students far abler than I. The point of it all was that we moved in a perfectly free intellectual atmosphere; no constraint, no didacticism, and really no partisanship. To this day I do not know which side Henry Adams favored — Federalist or Republican. He would not have proselyted for the world. If you will pardon a momentary personal note, I can tell you what this course did for me. I had no prepossessions; the name of Jefferson stood high in my youthful mind with those of Washington, Adams, Hamilton, Franklin and the other conscript fathers. But blood has a way of telling. One day I let my grandfather know what I was studying. He then told me of the attack of the British on Falmouth in the War of 1812. Grandfather and other youth of the town were set to work throwing up ramparts against the attack, when a large mass of dirt fell on one of the diggers and nearly crushed him. "I wish it had killed him, the damned old Democrat," said my worthy grand-sire to me. Coming from a man of eminent piety this astonished me, and set me to thinking. The result of it all was that before I had finished the course I had become an ardent

Federalist and have remained one ever since. To me Thomas Jefferson seemed then and seems to-day a man of lofty idealism with unstable moral foundations. Now I do not believe that Mr. Henry Adams particularly wished me to form such conclusions as I did, but I am absolutely certain that whatever conclusion I did reach, he wanted me to reach for myself and not through his indoctrinations. It was a legend in college that Mr. Adams conducted the democratic side of American history and Mr. Lodge the Federalist or "aristocratic" side. Probably neither of them ever dreamed of doing such a thing. If there was anything in the rumor, it did not seem to work in my case.

Another instance of Mr. Adams' poise is worth telling. As usual he assigned a certain topic, let us say the Orders in Council and the Berlin Decree, one side Federalist, the other Republican or Democratic as you will, to two men. The Republican defence he entrusted to a student who had not a drop of anything but Federalist blood in his veins. The Federalist side he gave to the descendant of generations of New England sea captains, who had no reason whatever to hate Jefferson and his party. The Federalist-born youth did not relish his assignment and asked his more democratically inclined opponent whether he would be willing to change sides. No objection was made to this suggestion, and they both waited on Mr. Adams to get his permission to "swap around." After listening courteously to their requests he said: "I think, gentlemen, that I prefer to let matters stand as they are." It probably did both of them much good to defend something which one of them and perhaps both certainly loathed. You know them both; both are men of eminence in their chosen paths, and both speak with feeling of the good that Henry Adams did them. One of them, probably the soundest purely literary critic we have, tells me that what he learned from Adams was method and to be swayed by no other men's statements as such. As an almost direct result of this teaching he wrote a biography of one of our undisputed men of genius. It was cold, precise, balanced, accurate, and it stands to-day as a lasting monument of the effect of Henry Adams' impartial methods on an able and youthful mind.

At the opening of the course Mr. Adams said that he was well aware that some of the students before him were the descendants of men who had taken an active part in the events of the period about to be covered, and that it was probable that some toes would be trodden on uncomfortably. We did not get the impression, however, that feelings would be allowed to obstruct the path of honest research. It can never be the pleasantest of experiences to have it gradually developed before a class of especially active-minded young fellows that one's own grandfather had made a good deal of a fool of himself, politically speaking; but inasmuch as Mr. Adams did not in the least spare the reputation of his great grandfather, John Adams, there really was nothing to complain of on the part of the most thin skinned of Federalists by inheritance.

The general purpose of all Mr. Adams' courses seems to have been to indicate a method and not to teach facts. "One fact or a thousand — that makes no difference," he said on one occasion. Now and then he would walk up and down before his chair, always with his hands in his pockets, speaking with entire informality, as if talking to himself. While he was always dignified, he was unceremonious and thus did much to put us at our ease, and draw from us a more spontaneous manner of expression. Disorder in his classes would have been unimaginable.

It would have been entirely possible for me to have assembled a number of opinions from some of his students, but I have felt so certain that these opinions would be practically unanimous as to the value of his teaching and its effect on later life, that I have contented myself with giving only two from men of widely differing characters. One of these men, who must have been a very early pupil of Mr. Adams, wrote me the other day, quite unsolicited, as follows: "If there was anything in the teaching of Henry Adams that appealed to me at the time, and still appeals to me, it was to think for myself and act for myself, and take the consequences. He was the greatest teacher I ever had except Experience." The other opinion is from a man of a far more highly trained intelligence. After speaking of Adams as our "affectionately-minded teacher," he goes on to say: "My own intellectual

debt to him is untold. The climax of education is to be silent; but the climax of life is expression. The power of life in me withdraws into its fountains, and education comes more to the fore. I begin, with clearer eyes, to appreciate the values of reality, and I look forward now to a good deal of silence. I shall end, as I began, his profoundly grateful pupil."

It takes no elaborate explanation to show that the work thus wrought in the young minds of those two men was of no ordinary sort and that it was achieved by no common man. It gives one a faint idea of how great is the greatness of a teacher fitted exactly to his task.

This has all been rather fragmentary, but I hope that I have given some kind of a picture of that animated course in history two score and more years ago. The details of necessity are dim, but the general outlines should be intelligible.

And now one more incident to show the wonderful discernment of this man. The marks at graduation were not given out until the morning of Commencement. When I arrived on that eventful occasion at the old pump near Massachusetts Hall, before the seniors' march to Sanders Theatre, I met my classmate George Edward Woodberry, now a Harvard Doctor of Letters. He told me that he led the course under Adams with a mark of 97 per cent; I came next, with 95 per cent; then A. L. Lowell, with 93 per cent, and after him all the high honor and scholarship men, who were furious that a poor wight like myself, no great scholar, had beaten them in their own field. No other professor in Harvard College at that time would have given these marks as Henry Adams gave them. I was the son of a man who used to be called a good American. He believed in his country and its history, and in the country from which New England sprang and in *its* history. On his modest shelves stood Burke, Chatham, Erskine, Washington, Adams, Franklin, Jefferson. I grew up among these books, and when the Adams course opened, my father, out of his slender purse, bought me the first volume of Van Holst, Elliot's *Debates*, and many other necessary foundation works. And there, too, was the Harvard Library, hospitable to the sadly few who went there in those days. I simply wallowed in books; while the high students were busy acquiring facts and dates,

I was forming at twenty years of age a power of selection, of elimination, the ability to generalize a little, and to express the salient features of a topic on paper. I do not remember that I ever exchanged a word with Mr. Henry Adams except in the class room. What strange power of discernment could he have had that made him see that I was travelling intellectually by express while these scholarship men were reaching their destination by ox-teams? I do not tell this incident to exalt myself, but to show how the clear light of Henry Adams' noble intelligence shone into the modest chamber of an ordinary student's mind and filled it with a radiance that has never died out. The very little I have done I owe to the wholly unconscious influence of my old master.

FROM RICHARD OSWALD.¹

LONDON, 9th January, 1747.

SIR, — I have now in my hands the Rough Draught of a Memorial in Manuscript, which I am of opinion might furnish some Hints that would be acceptable to you.

There is a plan therein proposed, which you may execute speedily and without much difficulty, and such as will enable this Nation to continue the War with ease and advantage for any number of years may be assigned. Or to prescribe Peace on our own terms, almost as soon as we may think proper to demand it.

And, in either event, I am humbly of opinion, you might carry the reputation and honour, as well as the real interest of these Kingdoms, by means of this scheme, to a higher pitch than ever was done before, or can perhaps be done by any other method.

The only difficulty has occurred, in any conversation I have had on this subject, is how to engage a gentleman in your sphere of life to condescend to peruse a paper of any length, unless it is patronised by some person of weight and interest. Some gentlemen of approved merit and good sense, who I have had occasion to mention this affair to, agree that the design is good, and if attended with success, the consequences would be of the utmost importance to the Nation. But they all seemed to think that unless the plan is introduced in the manner above mentioned, I could not expect that the lowest of your servants would give themselves the trouble to read it over. I was sorry for this, and was therefor

¹ (1705-1784), one of the British negotiators of the peace with the United States, 1782.

resolved to make it creep up to you through different hands, if it were not that I apprehended the intention might be defeated by being publickly known any considerable time before its execution. If ever it is executed.

And being at the same time assured that you are so good a friend to your country, that if you were duly apprised of the facility of this expedient, and the consequences of it to this, and to future ages, you would favour it with all the attention it deserves, I am determined to try the experiment in this way, even at the hazard of your displeasure, by praying you would allow me to wait of you at some proper time with this paper, and that you would not trust the fate of character of it to the judgement of any gentleman, less interested than you are, in the fate of your Country.

It will take much about two hours to read the whole. But before you have got through a quarter, or the tenth part of it, you will easily guess whether it is worth while to proceed. So that much time, in any event, cannot be thrown away upon it.

As a farther inducement to your agreeing to peruse this paper by yourself, or to suffer me to read it to you, so as I may support the facts, and explain any thing I may not have properly or distinctly expressed, I will venture, Sir, with all humble submission, to affirm that if our present enemies believed His Majesties Ministers would attempt the execution of this plan, and that another would never again be offered, they would purchase the copy of me, at a greater price than would support a campaign in Flanders for any year since the commencement of the War. And if you are not of the same opinion when you read it, I shall submit to any censure you think I deserve.

To support this request I will likewise, Sir, beg leave to assure you, that I aim at no privat advantage to my self, by intruding upon you in this manner. My circumstances luckily happen to set me above any necessity of that sort, and my temper would never engage me to any Foreign Dependance, when the profits of any Honest Industry are more than sufficient to content me.

Yet as I have always found by experience, my privat Satisfaction depending upon, and strictly connected with the welfare of my Country, I cannot deny my self the pleasure of offering any service in my power without regard to privat views, tho' at the hazard of some reflection in meddling in matters that seem to ly so wide of my province.

Notwithstanding of this I must beg the favour you would throw this letter aside out of the way of your servants so as it may not

be known I have taken this freedom with you, untill such time as you have seen the paper I offer you, and if you should not find it deserving the character I have given it, I am content to be exposed for my impertinence. But before that time, it would be good in you, to prevent its being taken notice of. For I happen to be a merchant in the City, and these digressions being quite out of our stile, and are upon the main some discredit to a person of business, it would be some loss to me if a thing of this nature was known within the circle of my acquaintance.

So I have now only to repeat my request that you would peruse this Memorial in part or in whole, which if you will be pleased to signify to me, I will with pleasure wait of you at any hour you may appoint and will thereafter, if you order it, furnish such explanations and aditions as may be wanting, before the expediency of the measure proposed is submitted to any other gentlemen you may think proper to advise with. A letter directed for me, at the Sword Blade Coffee house in Birchin Lane, will readily find me.

I beg leave to subscribe my self Sir Your most Obedient and most Humble Servant,

RICHARD OSWALD.

MEMOIR

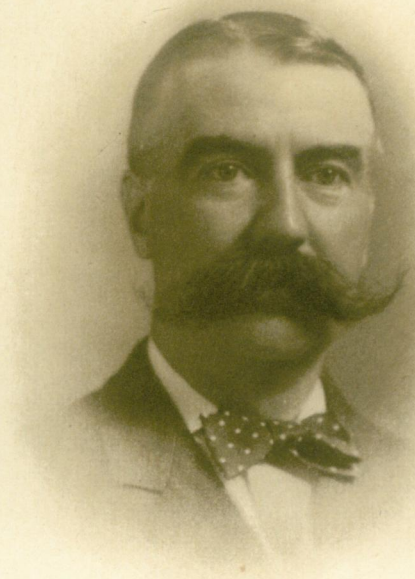
OF

THOMAS RUSSELL SULLIVAN

BY M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE.

BOTH by inheritance and in circumstance Thomas Russell Sullivan was eminently a Bostonian, though of that modified and blended sort which owes much of its quality to familiarity with societies and scenes from which Beacon Hill is not visible. He was born in Boston, November 21, 1849, the son of the Rev. Thomas Russell Sullivan (1799-1862) and Charlotte Caldwell (Blake) Sullivan (1804-1863). His father, a Unitarian minister of Keene, N. H., before he became master of a private school under the Park Street Church in Boston, was of the Harvard class of 1817, which contributed to the membership of the Massachusetts Historical Society, George Bancroft, Caleb Cushing, George Barrell Emerson, Stephen Salisbury, and Charles Henry Warren. His father's grandfather, James Sullivan, Governor of Massachusetts, was the first president of the Society. His birthplace, on Charles Street, was one of the three "log-cabin" houses built there at the time of the "Tippecanoe" campaign. The apartment house, No. 10 Charles Street, in which he lived for some years before his marriage in 1899 to Lucy Wadsworth, a daughter of Dr. Oliver Fairfield Wadsworth, of Boston, stood on the site of the dwelling occupied by the second wife of Governor Sullivan, when, without children, she became a widow. These topographical items are given merely to suggest the marked oneness of Russell Sullivan's personal associations with the Boston of an earlier time.

He had not passed beyond his boyhood when both his father and his mother died. Reared in an atmosphere of books



MHS

Very truly yours,
James Russell Sullivan

and studies, he would naturally have passed from school into Harvard College; but the circumstances in which the youth of fourteen found himself were not such as to permit this course. Instead, therefore, he entered a business office in Boston, and gave the years from 1866 to 1870 to the clerical employment of State Street. In 1870, when he was twenty-one, came the opportunity of Europe through a position in the banking house of Bowles Brothers, with its offices in London and Paris. Sullivan's work was largely in Paris. For three years a love for the theatre and all the arts, which had fed itself upon whatever his native city could offer, was richly nourished. A native aptitude for languages, a mind and spirit keenly susceptible to impressions, a good practice of taking notes upon matters of interest seen, heard, and thought upon, indeed an habitual uniting of the ways of a methodical man of affairs with the appreciations of a true devotee of the arts, made these years abroad a most fortunate foundation for the work of writing which he must already have felt to be the chief work in store for him.

The failure of Bowles Brothers brought him back, in 1873, to Boston, where he met the necessities of earning a living by taking employment in the Union Safe Deposit Vaults of Lee, Higginson & Co. To this work he devoted his days with all faithfulness for fifteen years, living in the atmosphere of finance until nightfall, and applying many hours of darkness to the more congenial labors of his pen. Throughout this time he exercised his talents as a writer for the stage both in original productions and in frequent adaptations and revisions of plays for the Boston Museum. He was also trying his wings in fiction, and in 1885 published his first novel, *Roses of Shadow*. In 1888 he decided to quit State Street, and thenceforward made letters his chief pursuit.

It was the new day of English and American short stories, and Russell Sullivan's, usually having their first appearance in *Scribner's Magazine*, and finally brought together in books, were among the best. His two volumes of *Day and Night Stories* were published, respectively, in 1890 and 1893, and another collection, *Ars et Vita*, in 1898. Their scrupulous workmanship, both in detail and in the more substantial studies of character and background, their note of authority in form and

matter, of sympathy with all the better side of human nature, won them many friends in the more sensitive class of readers. In addition to the early novel and the short stories — of which a fourth volume, *The Hand of Petrarch*, was published in 1913 — Sullivan wrote three novels, *Tom Sylvester* (1893), *The Courage of Conviction* (1902), and *The Heart of Us* (1912), besides a book of travel, *Lands of Summer* (1908), in which his friendship with Salvini and his love of Italy are commemorated, and *Boston Old and New* (1912), a delightful piece of local record and remembrance. He reached his largest public through his dramatization of Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* for Richard Mansfield, for whom also he wrote *Nero*, based upon an Italian play, but having many scenes of his own invention and composition. From the personal relationships connected with *Jekyll and Hyde* it is significant that a delightful friendship with Stevenson resulted, and with Mansfield something very like a mutual enmity. This, however, was something so foreign to Sullivan's nature that the summary of his work as a writer may more appropriately be brought to an end with a mention of what was in reality his last labor — preparing for publication the letters he had received from Salvini, through the course of an intimate friendship extending from 1881 to the last year of his life. The book which they will form still awaits publication.

Another book, *Passages from the Journal of Thomas Russell Sullivan, 1891-1903* (1917), has been published since his death. It holds but the smaller portion of a diary which he began soon after leaving State Street and continued through his years as a bachelor man of letters living in Charles Street, and even slightly beyond that period. The book, of which but a small edition was printed, is a really notable contribution to the social history of Boston, roughly for the final decade of the nineteenth century. The persons and events chiefly associated with the intellectual, artistic, and social life of the place through the years with which the journal is concerned pass in a review so sympathetic and intimate, so clear-sighted and yet so kindly, that the reader is left with that sense of gratitude which goes out to the writer who pays you the compliment of assuming that you want the best of human relationships and not the worst. Sullivan was quite shrewd enough to detect all the foibles of the persons he met; but it was not in his nature to see

first the shortcomings of his friends and neighbors, much less to make these things a matter even of intimate record. When a diary is printed with many omissions, the reason is generally that the feelings of others have to be considered. Sullivan's journal in its entirety is extraordinary for its yielding of no such causes for abridgment. It is one of the books to which the local historian will long turn with profit and satisfaction.

Especially in his *Boston Old and New* he had given tangible evidence of interests proper to members of this Society. As a trustee of the Boston Athenæum, and as one of its representatives among the trustees of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, he had in recent years shown his devotion to cognate interests. An instinct for local atmosphere and chronicle had clearly expressed itself through the portions of his novel, *The Heart of Us*, in which William Warren and the Boston Museum appear under a transparent veil of fiction. It is, indeed, an interesting process of comparison to turn from the pages of this novel to the passages in the journal in which the corresponding realities are frankly presented. Though the journal was unpublished at the time when Sullivan was elected to the Society (April 13, 1916), his specific qualifications for membership were well known. Professor Wendell has told of carrying the news of his election direct from the rooms of the Society to Sullivan in the library of his house on Marlborough Street. The pleasure with which he received it, ill as he then was, foreshadowed the satisfaction he would have had in attending the meetings of this body. But that was not to be, even once. He died in Boston, June 28, 1916.

Nearly all that has been said concerns the things that Russell Sullivan did — and they make an honorable list. Of the things that happened to him, one must record the total loss of the use, and almost of the sight, of one of his eyes — a stroke of fate that fell suddenly upon him in the night of October 12-13, 1893, which he was passing at the Players Club in New York. His bearing under this affliction was simply that of the gallant gentleman he was. To his marriage, in 1899, allusion has already been made. Of all that befell him, there was no circumstance more fortunate than this.

But a word more must be said — a word about what Russell Sullivan was. There is no better single term for it than *friend*.

He loved his kind, and his kind loved him. He told you of his work and interests if you wanted to hear about them, but he always wanted more to hear about yours. His contagious capacity for amusement — (one can see him now, gently shaken with laughter, his hand to his face as if to veil the overflow of his mirth) — made you recall and produce everything that might entertain him. His sympathy was just as quick, and it was at his hands that the friend in trouble received the truest offices of friendship. Modest, uncomplaining in distress, affectionate, loyal, a man of the world, unspotted from it, on the contrary making it a fairer place to many — he has left, beyond all his published and unpublished writing, a beloved and gracious personal memory.